

**Won't You Let Me  
Sing You A  
Lullaby? Won't  
You Let Me Kiss**

**gazeboeddie**

## Won't You Let Me Sing You A Lullaby? Won't You Let Me Kiss You Goodnight? by gazebozeddie

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Aged up characters, College AU, M/M, Punk!Bill, bev eddie mike and bill are in a band, but its not big, pastel!richie, pastel!stan, punk!bev, punk!eddie, punk!mike, richie and stan are pastel bffs, slight stenbrough & benverly if you squint, small drug mention

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Urís

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

Eddie Kaspbrak is the guitarist in a college cover band and they're pretty popular. They're not Richie's cup of tea but Ben, Beverly's lovely boyfriend and friend of Richie, convinces Richie to come to one of their shows. Richie agrees, but only on one condition, Stan has to come with.

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pastel!richie&punk!eddie au that's on my tumblr and i'm now uploading onto here.

# Won't You Let Me Sing You A Lullaby? Won't You Let Me Kiss You Goodnight?

## Author's Note:

you can find this fic and the hcs it was based off of on my tumblr (gazeboseddie)

i uploaded this onto my tumblr a little while back and i decided to add it onto here. enjoy!

He knew the looks he was getting but he didn't care. He stopped caring about what people thought about him once he left Derry. He had been under his mother's control for most of his childhood and now that he was an adult he was determined to make the most out of his young adult years. *Poor Eddie Kaspbrak*, people would say. He had been short, skinny, and weak. But not anymore. He was taller now, still skinny, but now had a *don't fuck with me attitude*. He wore leather and a cigarette behind his ear. He never smoked any of the cigarettes he owned, they were mostly just for show. He usually just gave them to Bev when she asked for them.

He had met his three best friends the first week of college. He had met Beverly first, she was in his creative writing class. Along with Bill. But he hadn't spoken to Bill until he began talking to Bev. There was something about that girl that drew people in. She talked to just about anyone and they usually talked back. It had been after class that she called out to him.

"Hey!" He heard someone say, but he didn't look back. "You with the leather and mean glare!" He couldn't help the chuckle that escaped his lips. That was one way to get someone's attention. He stopped and turned around, waiting for the girl to catch up. "You got any smokes on ya?" she asked, pointing to the cigarette behind his ear.

He shrugged and pulled the cigarette from behind his ear. "Here," he said with a nod as he handed the cancer stick over. "I don't smoke anyways."

Beverly gave him a once-over before a smile tugged on her lips. "Just

for show, huh? I like that.” She put the cigarette in her mouth and pulled out a lighter. “Walk with me, talk with me, Leather.” Eddie had never been a fan of nicknames but he didn’t correct her. Luckily, his next class was in an hour so he didn’t have to worry about being late. “Ever heard of The Killers?”

Eddie couldn’t help but snort. “The Killers? Are you serious?” He laughed a little. “I wouldn’t say they’re my favorite, but I’ve heard of them.”

“Oh yeah? Then do enlighten me on what you consider good music.”

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And that’s how it started. A beautiful friendship and the beginning of the greatest cover band on campus. Bev was the leader, she had the voice of an angel. If Eddie were straight, he’d fall in love with her instead of her voice. He joked with her and her boyfriend, Ben, about that all the time. Telling Ben to watch out because he was in love with Beverly’s voice. It was all in good fun though.

They were in Bill’s dorm. He was lucky enough to get a dorm to himself. They were talking about their next gig, which happened to be that Friday. They were always invited to play at parties around campus because everyone knew who they were. Eddie looked around the room at his bandmates, a goofy smile spreading across his lips. Mike had just passed a blunt over to Bev, who happily accepted it. Eddie and Ben were the only two in the room that weren’t high as a kite.

“I’m trying to convince my friend to come to one of your shows,” Ben spoke up. He was talking to the whole room but mostly to Eddie because he was the only sober one amongst them. “I’m trying to get him out of his comfort zone.”

“Did you tell him that we’re gods?” Eddie laughed. He was mostly joking. “Tell him we don’t bite....much.” Bill let out a laugh at his bandmate and gave him a playful shove. It felt more like a tap in his high state.

“Eddie always has jokes,” Bill giggled. Bill was always the most entertaining out of them when it came to booze or getting high. He

was always giggly and tried to kiss everyone. Eddie had let him once...or twice. And if Bill remembers, he doesn't acknowledge it. He turned his attention to Ben. "Is he cute?" Bill was a romantic at heart and Eddie admired that about him.

"Not your type," Ben shrugged. Ben seemed to know Bill better than Bill knew himself. He was always giving him advice, telling him he'd dislike something. Of course, Bill would do said thing out of spite. And Ben was always right, he ended up hating whatever he had just done.

"Eddie's type?" Mike spoke up. He was spread across the floor, looking up at the ceiling. His hands and legs were spread out as if he were making a snow angel. He always zoned out when he was high. He rarely spoke or joined the conversations.

"Maybe," Ben smirked. He knew something. But Eddie wasn't going to give him the satisfaction. He may know Bill like the back of his hand, but he didn't know Eddie nearly as much. "He's a pretty cool guy."

"Do I know who you're talking about?" Bev looked at her boyfriend with a goofy grin on his face. "Oh! Is it Curly?" Ben nods to confirm that they were indeed talking about the same person. "Oh! He's a real cutie! Y'all are gonna love him!" Bev giggled.

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"Come on, Richie! Please?" Ben had been going at this for what seemed like forever. It had only been about five minutes. They were hanging around Richie's dorm, which he shared with his best friend Stan. They were supposed to be studying for a test but it seemed like Ben had better things to talk about. That was fine with Richie, he thought as he shut his book. A sigh escapes Richie's lips at the question. He had said no a million times.

He looked at himself in the mirror on his desk. He began to reapply his lipgloss and rolled his eyes. "I said now, Benny-Boo." Richie was fond of nicknames and almost all of his friends had one. A rock concert just wasn't where Richie wanted to be. "I much rather break my favorite highlighter." Which he would never do.

“Come on, Rich. It’ll be fun.”

Richie let out another sigh before turning his body to look at his friend. “I’ll go on one condition,” he paused for the drama of it all. “Stanney comes with.”

“Don’t involve me,” Stan calls from his bed, he was the only one actually studying. “You know I wouldn’t be caught dead anywhere near a place like that.”

“What do I got to do to convince you guys to come? I’ll do anything.”

Richie looked over at his best friend, their eyes meeting. He could already see the gears spinning in Stan’s head. “Anything?” he repeated with a small smirk.

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It had taken over two hours to get ready. Only because Richie and Stan dressed to impress when they went out. Also, they had the pleasure of doing Ben’s makeup that evening. It had been the deal they had made. Stan went easy on him. Just some shimmery eyeshadow, a nice highlight, and a clear gloss. Stan, on the other hand, had gone out of his way doing his makeup. Foundation, contour, pink eyeshadow, a killer highlight, eyeliner that could kill a man, and a dark lip. If Stan wasn’t his best friend, Richie would be in love.

Richie had tried to be subtle, but that word just wasn’t in his vocabulary. He wore a pale pink tank top, a white skirt, and a cute jean jacket. He wore gold eyeshadow that made his brown eyes pop, a shit ton of highlight (*because you couldn’t have too much* - Stan), and a dark red lip. He felt powerful like he could take on the world. He looked at his friend, who was dressed in a powder blue button-down and khakis, and grinned nervously.

They held onto each other as they entered the building full of sweaty people. Ben was leading the way towards the front of the crowd. Richie knew that Ben’s girlfriend was the lead singer, but he didn’t know if he was comfortable being so close to the band. Lifeless Autumn. That’s what they called themselves. Richie knew of them but didn’t listen to any of the music they offered.

“There’s comfort in the bottom of a swimming pool,” Bev sand the beginning of a song that Richie had never heard before. He took in the presence of the band, they were all beautiful in their own ways. He was in a bit of awe before he made eye contact with the guitarist. He winks at Richie and Richie quickly looks away, a blush forming on his cheeks. He ignores the butterflies in his stomach as he grabs onto Stan’s hands and dances with him.

“The bassist is really cute,” Stan has to scream into Richie’s ear in order to be heard. He looks back up at the band and takes in the bassist. He was just Stan’s type. Casual, cool, and tall. He had a goofy grin on his face as he nodded his head to the music. Richie nodded in agreement. “Dibs,” Stan laughed.

Once the song was over, another quickly began. This time it was the guitarist that started to sing instead of the leading redhead. “Sometimes you laugh when it’s not funny,” he sang into his microphone, his eyes meeting Richie’s once again. This time, he didn’t look away. “Won’t you let me sing you a lullaby? Won’t you let me kiss you goodnight?”

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After the show, Ben pulled his friends against a wall in order to wait for the band and to get out of the way of other people. Richie was actually having a good time and didn’t care that his lipstick was probably messed up from his wild dancing. Eddie makes his way through the crowd, he has to meet the boy that caught his eye during the show. He was so beautiful. He sees them against the wall with Ben. A drink was in the mystery boy’s hand. “Hey, this is Richie and Stan.” Stan wasn’t paying much attention to the conversation, instead, he was keeping his eyes peeled for the cute bassist.

“You can call me Eddie, but you,” he paused to point at Richie. “can call me tonight.” A blush spread across Richie’s face at the pickup line.

“Lammmeee,” Stan rolled his eyes. “Ooh!” His eyes finally landed on the tall boy of his dreams. “Bye!” He didn’t wait for a reply before making his way towards the band member.

“I didn’t think it was lame,” Richie spoke up, a small smile on his

lips. This was the first time Eddie had heard him spoke and he swore he had fallen in love as soon as he heard those words.